The World.

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WHAT MAKES BEAUTY?

WHAT makes women beautiful? Is it figure, or complexion, or hair, or eyes, or teeth, or grace, or charm of manner, or what not?

At the Hotel Plaza this week a number of society women gave tableaux vivants for a charity. Mrs. John Jacob Astor, Mrs. Edward R. Thomas, Mrs. Bryce, Mrs. William P. Thompson, Miss Elsie Howland and others whose names stand at the head of the society columns posed as portrait and statuary figures. Miss Edith Deacon, whom the German Emperor's son wanted to marry, appeared as Carmencita. In representation of Sir Joshua Reynolds's "Three Graces" were three of the most beautiful society women in New York.

Charity reaped a large harvest from the many people who went to see New York's society beauties. And many of the sightseers went away wondering just what that beauty consisted in.

If the programme had appeared without the names of women of well-known social distinction and their faces had not been familiar to the audience through the many newspaper reproductions the expressions of opinion as to beauty would have been even more frank.

Any department store could provide an assortment of better complexions and fully as good figures as the Plaza tableaux. Taking separately the points of physical beauty, the New York shop girl or factory girl has more abundant and prettier hair than the so-called "society woman." She has softer eyes, fewer lines in her face, and peachier, more velvety complexion. Sometimes her teeth are not so good and her hands are not so well kept.

Training the finger nails with little curved scissors instead of clippers and cutting away the flesh at the nail half-moon instead of pushing it back detract from the beauty of the hands. Excessive manicuring, especially if the finish is bright and not dull, is bad.

In figure "society women" are inclined to be too stout. A girl who has to stand behind a counter all day and walk to and from her work carries herself more gracefully than the woman who spends a good part of the day lounging in an automobile or driving in a carriage instead of walking.

The great advantage of the shop girl and the factory girl is that she has not enough money to be very artificial. The color of her hair did not come from a bottle, her complexion is not applied, her figure is not built up. The mistake she makes is in striving to imitate "society women" in dress and manners. For one thing, she had better wear common-sense shoes, which are easier to walk in and so much easier to stand in that a great part of the weariness at the close of a day behind the counter could be obviated by wearing different shoes.

This recalls the old question of whether women dress more for themselves or for other women or for men. The best answer is, For all three.

Few women dress, first, for their own comfort. A very few women dress to please some particular man. The majority wear a certain style of hat or shade of gloves or cut of coat because other women do.

Women judge other women by their clothes a great deal more than men do. A man judges a woman more by the way she wears her clothes than by the clothes which she wears, more by the tone of voice in which she speaks to him than the number of feathers she has in her hat. It is well so, because if the standards of men were the same as the standards of women there would be more unhappy women than there are.

Pat, Tim, Charlie and Theodore.

By Maurice Ketten.

Where Is There a Married Couple That Ever Quarrels? Nowhere. Drop In on Mr. and Mrs. Jarr Any Time and See How Loving They Are.

By Roy L. McCardell.

Roy L. McCardell

GRIM visaged war had not smoothed his wrinkled front to any great extent this day in the Jarr household.

Mrs. Jarr, being of a particularly sensitive nature so far as her husband was concerned—that is, she did not mind so much what other people said to her, she could listen carelessly or answer back acridly, but let her husband say one word in impatience or scoffing jest, and then the war medicine commenced to seethe.

So, for some simple thing, the entente cordiale was shattered for the time being; hostilities had broken out, succeeded by a sullen armistice of silence, which in turn was followed by an impartial chanting of wrongs recently remembered.

At this stage of proceedings married couples talk as if to a third party—this third party may or may not be present. In this case no third party was present, but Mrs. Jarr led off in this wise:

"I'm sure I get no thanks for trying to do what's right in this house! Women that don't care are thought more of and are treated better!"

"I don't see what more a man can do than I do!" moaned Mr. Jarr, with his eyes cast upward. "An angel couldn't please her."

This remark, remember, was not addressed to Mrs. Jarr, but to the non-existent ghostly comforter.

"He talks of angels!" said Mrs. Jarr to the third party. "A man who acts like a fiend, who acts like a perfect fiend!"

This was said possibly because Mr. Jarr, in the heat of the hostilities, had pulled a bureau drawer clean out of its socket and let it fall with a clatter.

"If a man don't bust out with it," explained Mr. Jarr to the invisible arbiter, "if a man don't bust out, just for relief somewhere, some how, some way, such as swearing or breaking things, he'd just go crazy!"

"My nerves can stand it no more," said Mrs. Jarr. "There is an end of all things, and this is the end!"

"What do they want, what do they want, anyway?" asked Mr. Jarr, appealingly. "A man can't say a word in his own house. A man works like a dog, he never has a decent suit of clothes, he can't afford to go around, himself, and he's afraid to bring a friend to his house—what does a man get out of it?"

"If young girls only knew!" said Mrs. Jarr to the third party. "If young girls only knew that when they married they were giving up everything—and for what? For nothing!" said Mrs. Jarr answering it herself. "A hired girl gets her wages. When her work is done she can go out and enjoy herself. If a cross word is spoken to her she can leave. But a wife—look what a wife has to put up with! She is an unpaid slave, she is treated as if she had no soul of her own. She is expected to be patient and cheerful and submissive and abject when she's stormed at and sworn at if she isn't neglected and passed over and left alone night after night"—— but the picture of her wrongs was too great for Mrs. Jarr at this point, and she gave way to tears.

"If a man wasn't nagged at all the time," said Mr. Jarr, taking no heed to Mrs. Jarr whatever, "if a man wasn't rowed at and had a little peace and comfort in his home or if anybody had any respect for him why, why"——

Here Mr. Jarr choked and blew his nose and thumped a dent in his hat as if the subject was too great for words.

"If anything were done to inculcate respect," said Mrs. Jarr to the absent third party, "if some kindness were shown, if a man appreciated a good wife and showed her some little attention and loved his home and loved his children and stayed long enough in the one to get acquainted with the other, if"——

"Please, ma'am," said the girl, putting her head in the door, "Mrs. Kittingly says can she come in?"

Mrs. Jarr jumped up quickly. "For goodness sake don't let her see us quarrelling!" she cried, as the girl withdrew, "let's PRETEND we love each other at least!"

"Why pretend?" asked Mr. Jarr. "Don't we love each other?"

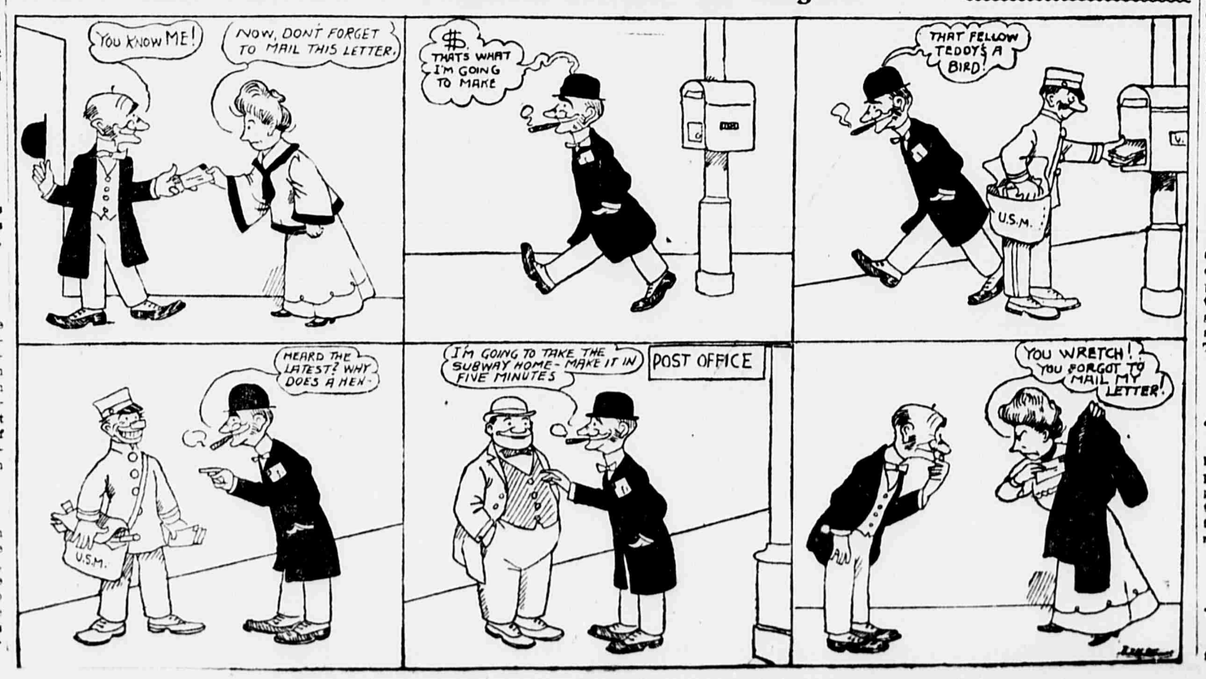
"Yes, we do!" said Mrs. Jarr, putting her arms around him and kissing him, "and you are a big baby to pay any attention to anything I say!"

"I declare, you two are the two greatest old gushers!" said Mrs. Kittingly, looking in. "Don't you ever quarrel?"

"Never!" said Mrs. Jarr, and Mr. Jarr grinned and nodded.

When Bill Thinkuvit Comes Home at Night.

By F. G. Long.



Letters from the People.

Firemen's Hard Lot.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

My husband has been a fireman eight years. He comes home very tired and so cranky that the children and I are afraid to talk to him. I think firemen all deserve a raise, especially the fourth-graders. The wives of fourth-graders have my sympathy. They get $800 a year. I know I had a very hard time when we had that salary. I was in debt. There was a time I scarcely ate so I could give my husband his meals. Now, everything is dearer and the rents are higher, so it must be much harder to get along.

FIREMAN'S WIFE.

A Wholesale Grouch!

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Gee, but this is getting to be a fierce old world! Everybody is knocking everybody else. The women are knocking the men because they won't let 'em vote, and the men are knocking among themselves because they don't know how to vote; Roosevelt is knocking the capitalists, and the capitalists are cheerfully and willingly passing the knock along to the poor man, but the poor man, alas! seems to be up against it, as there is nobody in particular he can work his little hammer on. "Ain't it awful, Mabel?" "You're right, Stella."

ALICE JOHNSON.

Dog Police—and Others.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Reading that Bingham is going to have police dogs patrol the streets of the upper west side because of the many burglaries there, I would state as a citizen that if he would make all the policemen catch criminals instead of haunting saloons he would get better results. Let him put his dogs up there instead of men. They will do the work, keep sober and can always be found when wanted.

WEST SIDER.

Compound Interest Problem.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Here is a problem for readers. A man left $10,000 to be invested for his three sons, aged twelve, fifteen and eighteen, at four per cent. compound interest. He directed that the money should be so divided that the children would receive equal amounts when twenty-one years of age? How much was set aside for each one?

J. J. F.

The Story of the Operas

By Albert Payson Terhune.

NO. 36—PONCHIELLI'S "GIOCONDA."

LA GIOCONDA, the singing girl, was leading her blind mother, La Cieca (the blind one), across the great square of St. Mark in Venice one feast day in the seventeenth century. The square was thronged with people returning from the gondola race on the Grand Canal. A dark, evil-looking man crossed La Gioconda's path and addressed her with high-flown compliments. He was Barnaba, spy of the dreaded Council of Ten which ruled the city. He loved the singing girl in his own distorted fashion and seized this occasion to urge his suit. The girl repulsed him. In fear she ran off in search of Enzo, her sweetheart.

Enzo was a Genoese prince, whom the Council had banished from Venice, but who had returned by stealth to see Laura, a high-born damsel, to whom he had once been betrothed. Arriving in Venice, he learned that Laura had been forced by her parents into a marriage with the Chief Inquisitor, Aloise. In despair Enzo had turned to pretty Gioconda for consolation. She adored him, and though his heart was still Laura's, the young exile became betrothed to the singing girl.

In Gioconda's absence Barnaba caused La Cieca's arrest on a false charge of sorcery, hoping to win the girl's love as the price of her mother's freedom. The blind woman was dragged weeping toward the city prison, when Enzo, with drawn sword, barred the way and demanded her release.

At this moment Laura and Aloise, crossing the square on their way from the race, paused before the group. Laura, moved by the old woman's distress, prevailed upon Aloise to release the aged captive. La Cieca in gratitude gave Laura her chief treasure—a rosary. Barnaba, drawing Enzo aside and pretending to be a messenger from Aloise's wife, whispered to the amazed, delighted prince that Laura would come aboard Enzo's ship that night and elope with him to Genoa. As soon as Enzo had hurried away to prepare for sailing, Barnaba disclosed to Aloise the story of the proposed elopement. Gioconda, overhearing, was heartbroken. • • •

Barnaba arranged that three war galleys should bear down upon and capture Enzo's ship at a concerted signal. Meantime, at nightfall, Laura came aboard the fated ship and was ardently welcomed by Enzo. But scarce had the prince gone below to give certain orders, leaving Laura on deck alone for a moment, when Gioconda, dagger in hand, crept toward the young wife to avenge her own desertion. But seeing Laura praying, La Cieca's rosary clasped in her hands, the singer relented. A boat was seen drawing near. In it sat Aloise and Barnaba. Laura was frantic with fear. Gioconda arranged for the eloping woman's safe escape to shore, and herself remained to face Enzo. In a burst of jealous wrath she reproached the prince, but suddenly pointed out into the lagoon. The three war galleys were rushing down upon them. Enzo, sooner than surrender, set fire to his little ship. • • •

That night Aloise gave a great feast. Drawing Laura into an anteroom, he pointed to a funeral bier, told her he had discovered her deception and bade her swallow a phial of poison he placed before her. Then leaving the stricken woman, he returned to his guests. Gioconda, stealing into the palace to watch Enzo, who with herself had escaped from the burning ship, overheard the scene between husband and wife. Substituting a sleeping potion for the poison, she threw Laura into a profound slumber and placed her on the bier. Aloise, finding his wife lying there, supposed her dead and went once more into the banquet hall.

But the revels were interrupted by Barnaba, who led in La Cieca. He had found the blind woman lurking about the palace. She protested that she had come thither to pray for Laura's soul. Enzo, thus learning of his loved one's supposed death, drew his dagger and sought to slay Aloise in vengeance for poisoning her. Guards seized and bound the youth. Gioconda, drawing Barnaba aside, promised the spy to marry him should he arrange Enzo's release. Barnaba agreed. • • •

Laura's senseless form was borne privately to Gioconda's home. Gioconda, after causing her sleeping rival to be brought there, was at first tempted to slay her, but the singer's better nature triumphed. Enzo entered, heartbroken and bent on suicide. He thought Gioconda had stolen Laura's body through spite. In fury he was about to murder the singer when the voice of the awakening Laura stayed his hand. Gioconda, spurning their gratitude, showed the reunited lovers a means of escaping by sea from Venice.

Left alone, the singing girl was about to go out in search of her missing mother when Barnaba suddenly confronted her. He had come to claim her promise to be his. The maddened Gioconda, to save herself from the man she loathed, drove a dagger into her own heart. As she sank down dying the baffled Barnaba shouted in her ear in a last effort at punishing the woman who had so tragically escaped him:

"I have strangled your mother!"

The story of "Ernani" will be published Saturday.

How to Be Silly Though Clever.

By the Debutante.

DO you know that it is the proper thing to be correctly silly? This mad craze for silliness has seized every one of us and our success depends entirely upon how much cleverness is mixed up with the foolishness.

Although one would think it is the simplest thing in the world to be silly, yet we girls are finding out, much to our sorrow, that it is "no cinch," as brother would say. To be merely silly is ordinary and vulgar, but to be foolish in the approved fashion means to become instantly popular and fascinating. Since every one is studying this new pose, the girl who has acquired it is welcomed by all of her friends with great joy, and then watched just as carefully and enviously as the chorus does the "naughty leadin' lady." Few of us are bright enough to originate, but nearly everybody can imitate successfully, and a few even improve on the original, writes The Debutante in the Chicago Tribune.

The girl who can be cleverly silly is a perfect godsend to any sort of a social affair. She may be relied upon to save situations, to keep people from the subjects better left undiscussed and from "showing their airs." This new, merry girl utterly ignores religion, politics and all topics of conversation upon which people are apt to differ so radically, and only talks about amusing and pleasant nothings.

The silly girl never delivers one of those long, uninteresting monologues on what "I think" or "I believe." She has acquired the subtle art of making other people amuse themselves by their own talking, and then she just smiles encouragingly at the right moment and laughs heartily and unconsciously when a joke is told—whether she thinks it good or not.

The popular girl of the season must learn how to tell a story well if she wishes to be a success. There is nothing more embarrassing either to the girl or the attentive roomful of people than that awful, painful silence that follows a story poorly told. It is a terrible moment!

$800,000,000 a Year for Drink.

By Sidney Brooks.

THE part played by the drink traffic in the social and political life of England is enormous. The people spend over $800,000,000 a year on drink. The revenue derived from it more than floats the British navy, and amounts to 28 per cent. of the total revenue of the kingdom. The old jest that the Peerage should change its name to the Beerage gives the measure of the social influence of a trade which in America, I believe, is not classed among the most reputable industries. There is another point of contrast between the English and the American attitude toward the drink traffic that is not without interest. In America it is the saloonkeeper who is the prominent figure; in England it is the big brewer or distiller. About $1,500,000,000 has been invested in the trade in the United Kingdom; over 110,000 premises are licensed for the sale of alcohol, and the number of people who hold shares in brewery companies must run into many hundreds of thousands. Moreover, most of the saloons in this country are what is called "tied" houses. That is to say, they are owned by the brewing or distilling companies, whose influence thus finds a local rallying point in nearly every town and village in the land.—Harper's Weekly.

The Income of Pullman Porters.

By Ray Stannard Baker.

THE very difficulty of getting hold in the trades and in salaried employment has driven many colored people into small business enterprises. Grocery stores, tailor shops, real estate or renting agencies. If they are being driven out by white men as waiters and barbers, they enjoy, on the other hand, growing opportunities as railroad and Pullman porters and waiters—places which are often highly profitable, and lead, if the negro saves his money, to better openings. A negro banker whom I met in the South told me that he got his start as a Pullman porter. He had a good run, and by being active and accommodating, often made from $150 to $200 a month from his wages and tips.—The American Magazine.

Henry James and the Jam Man.

"OUR novelist, Henry James," said a publisher, "lives at Rye, England, but recently he left Rye for a time and took a house in the country near the estate of a millionaire jam manufacturer, retired. This man, having married an earl's daughter, was ashamed of the trade whereby he had piled up his fortune. The jam manufacturer one day wrote Mr. James an impudent letter, vowing that it was outrageous the way the James servants were trespassing on his grounds. Mr. James wrote back, 'Dear Sir: I am very sorry to hear that my servants have been poaching on your preserves. P. S.—Excuse my mentioning your preserves.'"

Their Age Is in Sight.

WOMEN of the Ivory Coast in Africa lengthen their necks by wearing iron rings. Every year they put a new ring around the neck, which they can stretch so far that it is nothing unusual to find it as long as the face.